





# The Transcript

Thursday Afternoon, Mar. 10, 1892

## CORN HUSKING FOR LOVE.

A Novel Match in Which a Pretty Girl Was the Prize.

A discussion of corn husking, ancient customs in general and the vaunted superiority of the old boys over the rising generation led to a most interesting match last week. The scene was laid ten miles north of Crawfordsville, Ind., on the farm of Dr. Wilkes, where it had been announced there would occur a grand husking match, not exactly an old fashioned one, for the corn was still on the stalk.

The young men of that section were out in force to participate or back a favorite, but when the spot was reached it was found that Grant Layton and Charles Parker were the favorites, and all declared that one of them must surely win. As the others did not care to suffer defeat it was mutually agreed to withdraw, and the race was between the favorites.

The young men, who are leaders in the social four around thereabouts, were raised on adjoining farms and for years a bitter rivalry has existed between them.

Grant leads the choir and the singing school, but Charley is generally the last man down at a spelling match. Grant has a fine voice, and Charley is not to be sneezed at in that line. Besides no dance can be a success without the latter acting as a prompter. Grant can break any colt in Indiana, and Charley is beyond the range of ordinary violence at a shooting match. Both are athletes and both are proud possessors of very well outfitted in the horse and buggy line. In a word, their accomplishments are about equal and their leadership in social circles is undisputed.

But, strange to relate, both have a hankering for the same girl, a bright, black-eyed little charmer, the broken bell of the neighborhood and still in her teens. Heretofore it had been nip and tuck between them, but there seemed to be an understanding between the three that a marked preference would be shown to the winner of the husking match, so the boys were only the more anxious to meet on the sands of Dr. Wilkes' forty-acre cornfield.

At 7 o'clock the contestants, each accompanied by a wagon, two horses and a driver, entered the arena and a few minutes later time was called. Grant, with much pompousness, called off the long rows of that big cornfield, husking the golden ears with as great avidity as Samson slew the Philistines with the jawbone of an ass. Charley, the champion, was fairly wild and husked as he had never husked before.

At one end of the field the boys always cast their eyes toward a certain spot where stood the little charmer, between a father and big brother, but a smile or a nod would send them back to the next row with renewed energy. During the afternoon there was no perceptible change. It was in the dusk, however, when the "horse and horse" and money was going up all the while. But at length the sun declined to shed more light, and all hands, howling and cheering like mad, gathered to hear the count.

The supreme moment arrived, and the Layton faction fairly split the blue canopy of heaven when the official counter, from the bottom of an inverted shotgun barrel, announced that Grant Layton was the winner, having husked 151 bushels and 68 pounds to Charley Parker's 149 bushels and 48 pounds. To add to the discontent of the Parker faction, Layton also broke the short time record by husking thirty-one ears in one minute and throwing thirty of them in the wagon.

When the cheering had subsided and the stakeholders had distributed the cash, the conquering hero was hoisted by some half dozen of his enthusiastic backers and carried to the supper table, the head of which, as a seat of honor, had been reserved for the winner. The tired but happy husker bore the tremendous honors very modestly, while the pair of black eyes that had acted as the great incentive and were now sparkling with no less intensity than when he had made, even though victory had not perched upon his banner—Chicago Herald.

Two Kansas Cities. There are two Kansas Cities, one in Missouri and one across the river in Kansas. But there is really only one city. The practical union of the two cities has progressed because it was natural that it should; men sleep in Kansas City, Mo., and work in Kansas City, Kan., and men have their homes in Kansas City, Kan., and their places of business in Kansas City, Mo. Morning and evening the cars are crowded with workers of every grade going both ways. It is difficult to tell which crowd is the larger.—Kansas City Star.

Mr. Slipknot. I have not met your wife. Is she here this evening? Mr. Hansome—Yes, but just at this moment she is engaged—over there at the piano.

Mr. Slipknot (with affected enthusiasm)—Ah, I see. She is that goddesslike beauty who is playing an accompaniment for that mountain of flesh who is singing.

Mr. Hansome (stiffly)—My wife does not play. She sings.—New York Weekly.

Etiquette in a Railway Car. When you give up your seat in a crowded car to a young woman, and she thanks you for it, control your surprise. It is impolite to stare in astonishment at a young woman who is unused to the ways of suburban travel.—Chicago Tribune.

## OKLAHOMA HEROINES.

How Mary Simpson Held Her Claim Against the Frontier desperado.

The opening of Oklahoma has given the venturesome women an opportunity to show what manner of spirit was in them. In the rush for claims and for lots in the Cherokee town women were fully as active and brave as the men.

At the opening of a Missouri girl rode from Arkansas City to Guthrie on horseback, fairly flying over the ground. She was on the edge of Oklahoma when the rush came, and more ahead of the men into the town. She pounced on one of the best lots, near the government office, and stood her ground. Twice attempts were made to cut her from her position, but she had a revolver clinched in her right hand and the interlopers did not venture. For two days she remained on the lot. Then they told her the lot was in the middle of the street, she did not give up and got the land registered. It turned out to be in the proper place, and is now one of the most valuable lots in Guthrie. She has leased it for twenty years at a sum which will support her in comfort for the time.

The women who were called on to assist in the case of the late Mary Simpson, as assistants of fathers or husbands showed themselves also possessed of courage not to be expected from their class of claim hunters. In hundreds of instances it was their ready wit and supporting courage that enabled them to keep their claims against the acquiring of the women guarded the place while the men went to the distant town for provisions. The bravery that fights poverty and trouble is perhaps as glorious as that which handles revolvers, and the patient, hopeful wives and mothers in the "prairie schools," keeping up the strength of weary children and their own weary hearts by the mere force of their indomitable will, deserve a credit as lasting and loud sounding as any of the prairie heroines.

One other case in which more than manlike bravery was shown was that of Mary Simpson, the captor of "Ireland," as a noted frontiersman was called. He was the terror of southwestern Nebraska, and for months his deeds rang from settlement to settlement, creating consternation everywhere. Fire, pillage and even murder followed his movements, and Mary Simpson's home was turned to mourning because of his deeds. At last public opinion could stand no more, and when a little baby was badly injured in the struggle that took place when the desperado attempted to pilage a house along the frontier, there was a general turning of the neighbors to capture the villain. He was run into a piece of woods, and the forest was surrounded by the enraged settlers. Not all the man hunters were men, however, for a number of women were present to see the fray, and if necessary take a part in it.

Among these was Mrs. Simpson, who was, with her husband, somewhat separated from the remainder of the party. Suddenly they saw a bearded man leap from the underbrush and start as if running for his life for the opposite side of the little clearing in which they stood.

Mrs. Simpson was some distance from the horse he had ridden, and his wife leaped into the saddle and followed the man, who was fast escaping. It was well that she had not waited for her husband to come up, for once on the other side of the clearing she found a horse which had been left there by one of his aides, and in an instant he, too, was in the saddle and the race commenced.

It so happened that Ireland must keep due north in order to keep out of the range of a tangle of trees and underbrush, and when she shot to the west, lashed her horse on a slanting course and drew constantly nearer. Once the man fired a ball at her. She was not hit, however, and the race continued. History records that the woman had practiced considerably throwing the lariat, and now her experience came in good play. Loosening her husband's lasso from the ring of the saddle, she whirled it in long curves around her head.

At last, just as Ireland had reached the open prairie and would be safe, the noise went sailing out after him. Down he settled, steady and sure, until it came taut with a deadly jerk about his neck. The captor had stopped her horse, and the man was dragged to the ground and soon was in the hands of those he had wronged. Many compliments were spoken, and when the deed was done, and the name of Mary Simpson was for a time familiar throughout the western part of the state.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Embalmers' Fluids. A Vienna chemist predicts that the present methods of our taxidermists will soon be superseded by the use of embalming fluids—mineral solutions that can be injected into the veins of animals and birds (and even into cellular tissue of plants), and by hardening to the consistency of stone, give the impregnated object a fairly natural appearance. Experiments have much cheapened the preparation of the fluids which embalmers are using in many of the larger European cities, and petrifaction mummies will soon be turned out at ten to twelve dollars apiece.—New York Telegram.

The Word "Fad." A Vermont correspondent suggests that the word "fad" is not modern, but is provincial English. In the Warwick dialect the word means a "whim," and in at least two of the dialects the word "faddy" is used, signifying "frivolous" or "whimsical." Another use of the word is to describe a person who is difficult to please in trifles, and that connection appears the words "to fad," meaning to be busy with trifles. As would appear from our correspondent, the word has been in use among the humbler classes in England for some time. But how did the word get into current conversation and writing both in this country and in England? It seems to be comparatively new. The Pall Mall Gazette seems to doubt whether the English people are responsible for it, and at a loss to account for the present common use of the word. If newspapers are its index, the word is more frequent in the east than the west, in the city than the country, in "society" than business or among students.—Boston Journal.

## GRATITUDE OF A SPIDER.

Protection from Mosquitoes of a Man Who Saved the Spider's Life.

There is nearly always a crowd of blue-uniformed men loitering about the Central police station. The place seems to have an attraction for them when off duty.

One of the most entertaining story tellers is Officer James Hendricks, Sr., but it must be admitted that many of his narratives will not bear too close an examination. Yesterday afternoon he was in his happiest mood, and there was a lively rattling of rhymic bones when he remarked:

"New Jersey is noted for its mosquitoes principally. I have often heard my grandfather tell of a remarkable incident that occurred to him near Newark. He had just arrived in the town and put up at a small hotel where there were no mosquito bars, and a man with a leather skin would wake up and find much of himself missing. My grandfather was not acclimated and his flesh was as tender as a love poem, so he spent the afternoon wandering about and wondering what he would do when he met the winged soldiers in battle array."

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## MISCHIEVOUS JANE.

BY THE HAND OF TOWER HALL.

A mother's pet, a little Jane, who was but four years old, and with a sure eye for rosy cheeks and curls like skeins of gold. One morning she searched the pantry shelves when the mother was not by. And took with dimpled hands from one of the shelves a tin of lard. A nicely baked mince pie. Then she laid it on the floor, and she took a seat. Her mother came, amazed, she said: "Well, here's a pretty show! I've found a tin of lard. I love the pussy so."

How a Southern Sentry Discovered the Enemy's Signal Fire. The reality of war are terrible and grim, with their untold sufferings and voiceless pain; but often a smile of the ludicrous breaks across the stern visage, and the grim wrinkles only serve to heighten the dimples of laughter. In the glow of the night, when the cannon was shaking the ground, and blending with its belching smoke in the wards of the dead and dying, we find flashes of wit brightening the gloomy background, a happy salve to heal the wounds of war.

One of the most ludicrous instances, combining the serious and the comical, occurred during the stay of a regiment of southern infantry in a country town in northern Virginia. The war was at its height, and the air full of wild rumors of the contending armies—nights of alarms and rushes to horse, and days of anxious skirmishing, so with the strain of work and tension of anxiety the men were ever on the alert.

One balmy September evening the picket was posted, and as the twilight deepened into night the soldiers sank to rest in the clear harvest moonlight.

On the crest of the distant mountain the golden crescent hung; below quivered the sleeping meadows in the dim autumn haze. A death-like silence reigned supreme, broken sometimes by the sentry's solemn tread or the distant baying of a dog. Presently the moon came behind a bank of dark clouds, leaving only the white tents, gleaming like tremulous ghosts in the darkness. But from each bush leafy coverlet sparkled a glowworm. Then about in the shadowy gloom darted a few timid streaks of flame—"lightning bugs," in the old southern tongue.

Suddenly an alarm sounded. A wild call to arms rang on the soft autumn air and in a few moments the camp was alive with bustle and the bugle call ringing cheerily above all.

When all were ready the men, "booted and spurred," were drawn up into the high ranks. The captain called up the sentry, who had first given the alarm, to gather more explicit details.

"The enemy's signal fire flashed on the mountain top," the man explained.

"Forward, march!" rang the order, and the column added, "The chance to win your spurs." Then came the neighing of horses and the trot down the dusty picket. "Colonel," whispered a low voice at the officer's elbow, and the colonel turned to see the picket at his side. "Well," was the laconic response. "The enemy's signal fire flashed on the mountain top," the man explained.

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